



Rates Inside

Montreal, January 11, 1941.

78th Year

Our King Speaks to Us

HOPE you all heard the King's Christmas message to his people in war-torn Britain and to the dominions, colonies and protectorates the world around. His Christmas greetings were not merely for Christmas day. They echoed for these hard, trying, sad days the good-will message of the angels.

You will remember his picture of bombed homes and separated families, some at war, some evacuated

from British cities to scattered country homes, some overseas. Especially he referred in a touching passage to the separation of children from their parents and expressed gratitude, his own and that of the parents to those who had taken these evacuee children into their homes and hearts.

These things that touch our hearts we remember. But did we read and re-read the earnest ending of

His Majesty's message to each one of us? Listen:

REMEMBER this. If war brings its separations it brings new unity also, the unity which comes from common perils and common sufferings willingly shared. To be good comrades and good neighbors in trouble is one of the finest opportunities of the civilian population. And by facing hardship and discomfort cheerfully and resolutely not only do they do their own duty but they play their part in helping the fighting services to win the war.

* * *

On every side I have seen a new and splendid spirit of good fellowship springing up in adversity, a real desire to share burdens and resources alike.

Out of all this suffering there is growing a harmony which we must carry forward into the days to come when we have endured to the end and victory is ours.

Then, when Christmas days are happy again and good will has come back to the world, we



must hold fast to the spirit which binds us all together now. We shall need this spirit in each of our own lives as men and women and shall need it even more among the nations of the world.

His Majesty less about ourselves and King George VI. more for one another; for so, and so only, can we hope to make the world a better place and life a worthier thing.

And now I wish you all . . . a Happier New Year. We may look forward to the New Year with sober confidence.

* * *

The future will be hard. But our feet are planted on the path of victory, and with the help of God we shall make our way to justice and to peace.

Beautifying Air Raid Shelters

An Englishman Describes the Building and "Interior and Exterior Decorating" of his Private Shelter.

JOURNEYING so much by train of late instead of by road, I have had ample opportunities for examining air-raid shelters, especially those erected in gardens, and I have come to the conclusion that the majority of them are far more unsightly than they need be. The least unsightly were those on which annuals have been planted, and of these the most attractive was covered with nasturtiums and snow-in-summer. The latter is a good choice because it will drape the shelter during the winter too. It grows anywhere and grows quickly.

During the last few months I have erected a shelter of my own on very unorthodox lines. Fortunately I was able to put it in the field at the side of my house. It started when I had my lawn re-turfed six months ago. I had no idea then of making a shelter, and not knowing what to do with the old turves I stacked them in the form of a square with the idea of using the soil later on for the garden.

When things, however, began to look menacing I decided that these turf walls should form the four walls of my shelter. I secured a number of railway sleepers to form the roof and covered this with corrugated iron, stone flags and anything I could lay my hands on.

* * *

IT remained in that state for many weeks. When, however, France collapsed I turned once again in earnest to the building of my Maginot Line. I cajoled lorry drivers with cartloads of soil on their way to the tip, to turn aside and deposit the load against my shelter. Then with barrow and spade I reinforced the walls.

It still remained a very rough job inside, and I had doubts as to whether the walls would cave in. When we had occasion to shelter, I noticed my wife always sat in the middle because the walls, being made of soil, were full of what she termed "creepy-crawlies." So my next job was to line the insides with boards. This part of the job gave me a great deal of satisfaction. I am a great hoarder, and for years have had to make excuses for the amount of old oak and wood of all kinds that I have hoarded away in the garage roof. "It will come in useful some day," I kept saying.

At last I have had the great joy of bringing the wood out piece by piece and saying loudly, "What a good thing I kept this piece!"

My next job was to cover the floor with stone flags and cement them. Up

till then my wife had looked on tolerantly as though I were a small boy playing with a Meccano set, but when my bag of cement burst, enveloping me in dust, she became less enthusiastic.

* * *

HAD I left things as they were my shelter would today have held two single beds comfortably, but at that time there was no idea of sleeping in one's shelter, and my only thought was to strengthen the shelter in every possible way. Consequently I used the strongest uprights I possessed to hold the roof up.

Had I been more exact in my work and placed these in a straight line down the middle of the shelter a single mattress could have been placed on each side of the pillars, but alas! I not only put these supports in irregularly, but concreted them to the floor.

Consequently we now take it in turns to sleep sideways. As we are both Air Raid Wardens we have come to an arrangement that the one on duty is best kept awake by sleeping with a girder digging in the hips.

Our first attempt at sleeping out was marred more by mosquitoes than by bombs. Other insects were attracted inside by our light and spiders lurked in every corner.

* * *

ONE thing gave me secret joy. I left one of the corners unboarded because just when I was about to board it up I discovered several nice mushrooms growing out of the turf. "Wherever did you get them?" asked my wife when I brought them in the following morning to fry with my bacon.

Personally, the shelter suits me well. I love the earthy smell and the rough oak supports. I feel that I am sleeping out in the open again under the trees. To hear the owls hooting and the whistle of wild ducks' wings as I make an early morning cup of tea is a joy to me.

Whether it will stand up to blast and suction I do not know, but I must say that I am enjoying the feeling of being removed from ordinary conventional existence, and life in the shelter is giving me a sense of freedom I have long coveted. Perhaps it is because my ancestors for centuries slept in little blanket tents that this rough earth dug-out arouses strange emotions in me.

As I lie waiting for the "all clear," I get tremendous satisfaction as I look round on all the planks and girders I have hoarded for so long. A hoarder has indeed come into his own. As my wife is a thrower-away I am afraid I

could not resist drawing her attention to this. I believe she said something about it needing a world war to find a use for my treasures.—"The Tramp" in Methodist Recorder.

The Sublime Indifference of Smokers

IN 13,719 instances last year, smokers were careless and caused \$2,427,000 worth of property to go up in smoke. Fires from this cause are top ranking in the list of causes, as reported to the Dominion Fire Commissioner's office for 1938.

Ten years ago this type of fire numbered slightly less than 3,000 for the whole of Canada. But with a steady increase in the number of smokers, principally among the fair sex, there appears also to have developed an indifference to the hazards of fire from carelessly disposed cigarettes, tobacco and matches that is hardly imaginable.

With an increase of 430% in the number of fires from this cause, "smokers' carelessness" can now be classed as Public Enemy No. 1 as far as fires are concerned.

The question arises, are women more careless than men in the matter of smoking? Unfortunately, there are no statistics to enlighten us on this score, but the fact remains that far too many fires are started through the carelessness of smokers and only a careful disposition of cigarettes, matches and tobacco can stop it.

Perhaps if these nearly 14,000 people responsible for this loss could be gathered together in one place and could witness nearly 2½ million of dollars worth of property go up in smoke with the cries of several entrapped persons mingling with the crackle of the flames, they would exercise more care.—Fire Commissioner's Office.

Note.—Better still don't smoke at all.—Editor N. M.

TO THE DOG

IN time of grief and care he is an incomparable companion; in peril of fire or theft, flood and drowning, as guardian of youth and the aged, leader of the blind, helpmate to the halt, the lame and the palsied, he is unfailingly reliable. The lives he has saved, and the calamities he has averted present a glowing record of heroism which is all too frequently saddened by the sacrifice of his own life in standing firmly by his high ideals. In poverty and plenty, in joy and grief, in every relationship of life, he is constant, faithful and true.—William Hoster.

There is one handy thing to have around when things go wrong, and that is a good disposition.

Guards at the Dam

By Gordon Philip England

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IMPORTANT PEOPLE

"SLIM" BENTLEY eighteen, bent on serving Canada in some way, though excluded from the Army by a slight physical defect.

TERRY GORMAN, his cousin who helps him take charge of the fish hatchery "somewhere in Quebec". CAPTAIN KINGSLAKE, Commander of the Frontiersmen guarding the nearby dam, power plant and textile factory.

Terry sees a strange motorcyclist spying on the dam. He gives chase but the spy gets away. INSPECTOR HEALY of the R.C.M.P. visits the hatchery and Slim, who is trying to join the Frontiersmen, is eager to win the Mountie's approval. To his horror the Mountie turns out to be a spy in disguise, intent on blowing up the dam. Slim's attempted resistance is quickly overcome. Shut in his workroom upstairs, Terry tries to think why he feels suspicious of the Mounties. Suddenly the truth dawns on him.

(Continued.)

TERRY'S first impulse was to rush down to telephone for help; then, as he opened the workroom door, he heard voices below and knew he was too late. He realized that if he tried to leave the building he would probably be stopped. Besides, he had no proof; so it would be his unsupported word against that of two uniformed police. The enemy agents could probably bluff their way out of such a situation.

"Still, I'm sure I'm right," thought Terry with conviction. "And I must do something. This thing is serious."

He shut the door, went back to the bench, and sat down. He thought and thought.

As the walls and floors of the hatchery were thick and practically sound-proof, and as the workshop was on the other side of the building from the office, Terry heard nothing of what was taking place below. He was just about ready to risk everything in making a dash for it, when the bell buzzed.

Instantly, Terry stiffened attentively. The first signal was the emergency call!

Terry seized a writing pad and pencil which he kept handy on a shelf above the bench, and prepared to take down the message.

It came through slowly, for Slim was sending under difficulties. As long and short rings spelled out each letter, Terry wrote it down on the pad. Finally, the bell stopped buzzing.

Terry stared at the message before him. It read:

MOUNTIES FAKES . . . KNOCKED OUT
TRACY . . . TIED ME UP. . . PLAN
BLOW UP DAM WITH FLOATING MINE
TEN P.M. . . UP TO YOU . . . STOP
THEM. . . SLIM.

"By ginger," thought Terry ruefully, "I was right! Those two are spies. Yes,

and they've already disposed of Tracy and Slim—and mean to wreck the factory. Whew, this is sure a bad business. But what can I do?"

* * *

TERRY considered thoughtfully. The windows in the workshop faced the pasture at the back of the hatchery. The dyke road, as it ran by the front of the building, was shut off from view. The windows, too, were nearly twenty-

small observation tower. This was reached by a ladder leading up to a trapdoor, glassed skylight. If Terry could mount the ladder, raise the trap, and climb out on the tower floor, he might be able to attract the guards' attention.

Carefully he calculated his chances. He knew that Campbell was stationed at the dam, and two other Frontiersmen were at the head of the dyke road not far from the company houses. As the hatchery stood back a little from the road, and as it was a dark night, he would not be noticed unless a guard's spotlight happened to be raised and turned in his direction. Even if that happened, he could not relay Slim's information very readily. If Campbell had been a Boy Scout and could have

read signals, Terry might have tried to wig-wag a message with a cloth tied to a stick. But, under existing circumstances, such a warning was impossible.

For a moment it looked as if Terry was beaten. He cudgelled his brain in a desperate effort to solve his problem. But at first the result was nil.

Then, from the river itself, came the answer. The drone of the patrol boat.

* * *

THIS craft—a trim and powerful speedboat named *The Flash*—was used by the Frontiersmen to guard the water approach to the dam. At fairly regular intervals it circled past the hatchery, often coming close in towards the shore. It had now passed on its way to the dam and would turn there and go up along the opposite bank as far as a bridge, but it would be passing the hatchery again in about twenty min-

utes. "That's it!" Terry decided. "I'll write a message, cork it up in a bottle, and toss it out ahead of the boat. If they see and pick it up, things will start moving!"



RC BAILEY - 40.

"Timing his action carefully, Terry hurled the bottle."

five feet from the ground—too long a drop for a crippled boy.

But there was one possible way out of the difficulty—one that promised success.

At the top of the hatchery was a

Hastily, Terry set at work. To have

London Zoo Stands Up to Bombing

IF you think this war is serious, you should hark to the woe of "Skinny," the 210-pound keeper at London's famous zoo in Regent's Park, says a Canadian Press Dispatch.

Not only have "Skinny" and his strange pals been bombed by German airmen but they have been deserted by the thousands who professed to be their friends in times of peace.

Everybody is carrying on as usual, though the wide avenues that lead through endless rows of cages present a picture as melancholy as a deserted football stadium. Here and there little piles of debris or charred framework show where the zoo received 14 high explosives and more than 100 incendiary bombs, but "Skinny" says "nothing serious."

What really was serious for a time was the escape of 30 monkeys and a zebra, released when the bombs damaged their cages. The zebra was chased through the park by the keepers and finally caught, while the monkeys came back of their own accord at mealtime.

So far the animals have proved they "can take it," and aside from a slight tension in some of the cages when the siren screeches, they seem oblivious to the fact that an air raid is in progress.

CHIMPS NERVOUS

ABOUT the only nervousness openly displayed is shown by Min, Bill, Alf and Fanny, the chimpanzees, who, at the first sound of the siren, scuttle into the corner and remain in a locked embrace like football players in a prolonged huddle. They remain silent, taking turns in twisting their heads to discover what is going on behind their backs. In that position they remain until the "raiders-passed" signal is given.

The stubborn mountain goats, never happy unless they are risking their necks on the highest peak of their artificial mountain, ignore everything except feeding time. They did condescend to lift their heads momentarily when a bomb fell through their mountain and created a miniature volcano. But they didn't budge.

A little more temperamental are the giraffes, Tim and Susy, who lower their lanky necks to accept food from visitors—but they don't appear grateful. Even at that they won't eat anything except delicacies. The hippopotami aren't like that. They eat everything dumped into their cavernous mouths—and they don't dare take time to swallow until everything in sight has been lodged between their jaws. Air raids have made anything but "gastrics" out of them.

Away off in another section, gentle

"George," the big dromedary who has carted thousands of children around on his back, is doing useful work. He is drawing truckloads of debris from bomb-damaged buildings.

It's not that the animals are afraid of air raids. That's the least of "Skinny's" worries. "But they are lonely," he said as he leaned against the twisted bars of the cage that once housed the "Wild Asses."

"Why, there ain't no bloomin' company for them," he said dejectedly. "Not a bloomin' soul comes here on Sundays. Take a look down there, the place is barren. That's what it is. It's barren." And he stared sadly down the broad concrete walks which normally would be jammed with men, women and children, trying to catch a peep at the never-ending circus.

GUARDS AT THE DAM

(Continued from Page 3.)

two strings to his bow, he prepared not just one, but two messages, which he placed in two large bottles which had formerly contained turpentine. As an afterthought, he wrote out a third message, emptied out a coffee can filled with nails, and put in the paper.

Unbuttoning the two top buttons of his shirt, Terry stowed away the can inside it. He then put one bottle in a side pocket and the other in his hip pocket. Now he was ready to start.

Despite his disability, Terry was very agile, and could climb like a monkey. In a very short time he was at the top of the ladder, pushing back the trap with his head and shoulders. He scrambled out into the tower.

The tower itself was very small, open all the way around except for a railing to guard against a possible fall. Its shingled slant roof was only two feet above Terry's head.

He leaned over the rail and looked down. A stiff breeze whipped through his hair, and he noted with delight that the wind was blowing towards the water—not away from it. That meant the wind would help, not hinder, his throw.

From up the river sounded the purr of the approaching patrol boat. Terry pulled the bottle from his hip pocket. He gripped it by the neck, ready to throw.

Now he saw the lights of the oncoming craft. The powerful beam cut a path of bright, white light ahead of the boat.

Terry saw with satisfaction that the motor boat was keeping in fairly near to shore. It would pass within easy throwing distance.

Timing his action to coincide as well

as possible with the estimated speed of the boat, Terry hurled the bottle as the craft neared.

His timing proved even better than he had expected. The best that he had hoped for had been to toss the bottled warning a short distance in front of the patrol boat so that those aboard could see its fall—but he had not reckoned on the full effect of the wind. That powerful ally veered the course of the bottle—so that it fell into the boat itself, almost hitting one man on the head.

From aboard the boat came a startled shout, fortunately almost drowned by the noise of the motor. . . The boat sped on. . .

* * *

TERRY could scarcely repress a yell of jubilation.

"Good old wind!" he thought exultantly. "You sure turned the trick for me that time. Now, if those men read my message things will start humming!"

He was pretty sure that they would read it, for the bottle had shattered on the bottom of the boat, and the white paper would show clearly. And, as there was no good landing point between the hatchery wharf and the dam, the guards would not attempt a landing before reading the message, unless they at once turned and headed back.

But the boat had not turned; it was still running down-river towards the dam. Watching, Terry saw it land there.

"It won't be long now," he told himself, "before there'll be plenty of action. I'd love to watch and see what happens, but I guess I'd best get back to the work shop. One of those fellows might happen to come up for a look-see—and if I wasn't there it would be just too bad!"

As it turned out, Terry's decision was wise. He had scarcely returned to the workroom and concealed the other two messages before he heard footsteps outside the door. . . When "Inspector Healy" opened it, he was tinkering with an old radio.

(To Be Continued.)

MALAPROF

You will understand what the man meant who said that his dog was suffering from a bad attack of whitewash, the real name of its malady being, of course, distemper.

He was not far astray, and even less so, though she did not get the word she meant, was Mrs. Smythe's cook, to whom her mistress said: "Why, Jane, that cake is as black as a cinder. Did you make and bake it according to my instructions?" "Well, no, mum," replied the culprit. "It's one of my own cremations!"

GIOTTO - - A Great Painter of 700 Years Ago

With the story of this great artist we begin a series of cultural but popular articles on the subject of painting, tracing its development through successive generations of artists and "schools" of art.

By JULIA GRAYDON.

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ART was born in Egypt thousands of years ago, and it is interesting to know that on the walls of the ancient tombs were painted the life stories of those who lay beneath them. And when the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were unearthed the paintings found there were as bright and soft as when the people fled at the eruption of Vesuvius.

Later, Rome, called "The Mistress of the World," in the first century became the storehouse of art and of art history, and it is there that we find some of the most wonderful art treasures of the world today. In the thirteenth century (stimulated by the picturesque mysticism of the Roman Catholic Church and used by the church to teach Scriptures to the almost wholly illiterate masses) there was a revival of art in Italy; and other cities became art centres also; among them, Florence, Pisa and Venice.

The paintings at this time were sacred in character for "the church was the first motive power in art as well as literature." The pope ruled with a mighty hand, and the people obeyed him, and the painters were subject to his ideals. Oil painting was unknown and the frescoes used were bright in color and hue, and laid on quickly while still damp and fresh.

Let me explain what the different colors meant and then some day, when you see some of these old paintings, you will remember the symbols. White was the emblem of purity; the Saviour wears white after His resurrection. Red showed divine love; blue, truth and fidelity; yellow, the goodness of God; green, hope or victory; violet, union of love and truth; gray, humility; black, darkness.

GIOTTO'S BOYHOOD

IT was in the latter part of the thirteenth century, in the year 1276, that a little peasant boy first saw the light in the town of Vespignano, near Florence, Italy. His name was Giotto di Bardone, and his father was a farmer. Giotto was a bright child, but very homely,—though he never thought about that, for he was too busy helping his father and mother to waste much thought upon such a small thing.

His father had a great many sheep and Giotto used to take care of them, and sometimes when he was watching them he would take a pointed stone, perhaps like one of our Indian arrowheads, and draw pictures upon a piece of slate.

One day when he was ten years old he was sitting in the field near his

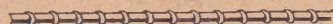
home, trying to draw a sheep. By and by he heard a voice say, "What are you doing, my boy?" and looking up he saw a strange man smiling at him, and Giotto could not help smiling back, for the stranger's face was so kind.

The man was Cimabue, a great painter who had just painted a portrait of "The Madonna and Child," about which everybody was talking. When he saw Giotto's picture of the sheep he was surprised and asked to see the boy's father. So Giotto called him and after they had talked a little together the stranger went away and Giotto and his father went back to the little home for supper.

At the table, his mother said, "Giotto, would you like to learn to paint?" And Giotto ran to her side and kissed her and said, "Yes, Mother, but who will



*"The world of art is an ideal world,
The world I love and that I fain would
live in,
So speak to me of artists and of art."*



teach me?" When he found that he was to become a pupil of Cimabue, he was delighted, and still happier when, a little later on, he went to Assisi to be near his master. Among the first things he did there were frescoes from the life of the Good St. Francis who is buried there in the church which is a shrine to him. One picture shows St. Francis preaching to the birds who are under a shade tree listening to him.

* * *

THIS was a good beginning for Giotto and he soon began to make a name for himself. At the age of twenty-four he was given his first public commission, the painting of Paradise over the altar in the chapel of Podesta, and he put in his picture the figure of a dear friend of his who was a great man, Dante, of whom we have all heard. Later, the poet Dante was banished and the wall was whitewashed over so that the picture was hidden for centuries, until in 1841 the whitewash was scraped off, and there, today, you may see on the wall of the old Podesta, Dante's head, for it is very prominent in the picture.

Once, when the pope sent a messenger to Florence to get specimens of art,

for some work he wanted done, the messenger stepped into Giotto's little shop and Giotto painted for him a perfect circle in red paint, and told him to take it with him. The pope was so pleased that he sent for Giotto to come to Rome and decorate the buildings for him. From this story of the circle has come the phrase, "Round as Giotto's O."

Giotto was fond of going from place to place, and he went all over Italy with his band of workmen, beautifying many places as he went, and we are told that these frescoes, painted in all sorts of places, were story-books to the poor who could not read. He was genuine, honest, and merry and his ready wit brought many friends.

One hot day when he was working in his studio, the King of Naples came to see him and said, "I would not work when the weather is so hot." "Neither would I, sire, if I were you," replied Giotto.

When he went to Padua in 1305, to complete his wonderful frescoes from the lives of the Saviour and the Virgin, he met (though not for the first time) Dante, whose life had been full of sorrow. Giotto was now married and had a family of children, and he invited Dante to stay with him for a while; for the great poet had helped him much in his earlier days and he could now return some of that kindness at a time when it was most needed.

In 1330 he went to Naples, during the quarrels between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the former of whom were supposed in the beginning to be on the side of the church and the latter to stand by the emperor, but the quarrel had come to be more of a personal feud. Giotto never entered into any of these struggles, for he was a peaceful citizen.

* * *

THE year 1334 was a memorable year in his life, as it was in that year that he began, at the age of fifty-eight, the gem of all his works, the Campanile, or "Shepherds' Tower," which stands by the great cathedral of Florence. These "stories in marble" show the beginning of all the arts, and the tower is today the wonder of all nations. In the first story of the tower we see a shepherd sitting under his tent, with the sheep in front and a little dog by his side. How Giotto's mind must have gone back to his childhood days as he worked on it.

He had gone beyond his old teacher, Cimabue, in his art, but he always (Please turn to Page 10.)

Victory Through Suffering

*I saw in the midst of the throne,
a Lamb standing, as though it had
been slain.—Revelation 5:6.*

IN his vision of heaven's glory John sees at the centre of it all a Lamb standing as though it had been slain. So today I can think of God as one who fully shares the pain of the world's present tragedy. This breach in human fellowship which I mourn is much more grievous to Him, for it is a conflict within His family, a fratricidal strife among His children. This cloud of hatred and bitterness that casts its shadow over my heart darkens His heart far more.

God is no distant spectator of the world's anguish; He is its chief sufferer. There is comfort there for me, and for everyone upon whom any share of the world's present burden of pain and sorrow has come. The mystery may still be unexplained, but it is something to know that God is sharing it all with me, suffering at my side.

But here is the call God surely brings to me. When I see the Lamb in the midst of the throne (in the place of victory in spite of having suffered), I learn how evil can be conquered in the world. God's way is ever to take the evil of the world upon His own heart, bear with patience all that it can do, meet it only with answering love, and by the power of that patient, suffering love transform the evil to good.

It is by God's own suffering that He heals the wounds of the world. It is by his own steadfast love that He breaks down the power of hatred in the world. That is God's way of conquering evil, nor is there any other way for us.

And so it comes to me that I too may have a share in God's victory. If I refuse to let love die in my own heart I shall be helping to keep love alive in the world, and to bring nearer the day when love shall overcome all that now opposes it.

God will take the poor offering of my love and make it part of that mystery of divine love that even now is stronger than all hate and must one day prevail. So, as I take my place again in this troubled world, I look once more at the Lamb in the midst of the throne. In His suffering I find healing for my own pain, and in His triumph hope is renewed within my own heart.

A PRAYER

FORGIVE me, my God, for the sin by which I myself have made heavier Thy burden of pain and sorrow. Forgive me for the cold and hard and bitter thoughts that have been part of Thy heartbreak. Help me now to open

my heart afresh, that Thy patient love may come in and transform all that now opposes it into its own pure likeness. Wilt Thou from this moment so live and love within me that even as my lovelessness has shared in the world's sin my love may have some share in its salvation. Amen.—C.E.N.

OUR LIVING LORD

*Unseen by us Thy steadfast youth
Long spent in homely servitude
Thy lips so full of fearless truth,
Thy deeds of perfect brotherhood—
We did not see, but we believe
Thy way alone the world can
save.*

*Not ours to see on mount and shore
Thy smile, Thine eyes alert and
kind
Thy hands that sick men could re-
store,
Thy heralding God's reign and
mind—
But we do know Thy Spirit's
range
Men's souls and bodies still can
change.*

—Songs of Praise.

"Fear Not"

"He who taught us not to be anxious for the morrow also taught us to use our gifts to influence the morrow."

Lowliness is the base of every virtue;
And he who goes the lowest, builds the
safest,
May God keep all His pity for the proud
—P. J. Bailey.

What doth the Lord require of thee
but to do justly, and to love mercy, and
to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah.

Let us be silent that we may hear
the whisper of God.—Emerson.

If a man would be brave let him
learn to obey his conscience.—J. F.
Clark.

Every man has a right to judge one
individual only, and that is himself.

The Son of Man

"He reigns the Son of Man, all grace
divine is His,
Pierce through the creeds, His feat-
ures scan,
And see Him as He is."

The Wisdom of Waiting

FREQUENTLY we see where individuals get in a hurry and do not wait for the leadings of the Spirit, and for doors to open and close, and run ahead of God.

Paul and Barnabas waited on the Lord until the Holy Spirit called them. Then the church sent them away. Acts 13:2, 3, as they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away."

When Christian workers get in a hurry and do not wait on God and the church, it is almost sure that trouble will be their result.—Youth's Christian Companion.

Tomorrow

Though today may not fulfil
All your hopes, have patience still
For perchance tomorrow's sun
Sees a happier day begun;
As God willeth march the hours
Bringing joy at last in showers
God is ours—all things are ours.

—C. Winkworth.

"If Christ is Mine"

"If Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to
come,
And grace and glory, too. —Anon.

WORD FOR THE DAY

*The Lord, he it is that doth go before
thee; he will be with thee, he will not fail
thee.—Deut. 31:8.*

*If thy presence go not with me, carry us
not up hence.—Ex. 33:15.*

*O Lord, I know that the way of man is
not in himself: it is not in man that walketh
to direct his steps.—Jer. 10:23.*

*The steps of a good man are ordered by
the Lord: and He delighteth in his way.
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast
down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his
hand.—Ps. 37:23, 24.*

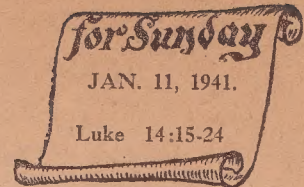
*I am continually with thee: thou hast
holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt
guide me with thy counsel, and afterward
receive me to glory.—Ps. 73:23, 24.*

*I am persuaded that neither death, nor
life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor pow-
ers, nor things present, nor things to come,
nor height, nor depth, nor any other crea-
ture, shall be able to separate us from the
love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our
Lord.—Rom. 8:38, 39.*



"Come -- All Things Are Ready"

by BERGAN



THIS week we continue the story of the dinner at the friendly Pharisee's home.

As they sat,—or rather reclined,—at table our Lord spoke to His host about inviting the poor to dinner and about good and kind people being "recompensed in the resurrection of the just."

One of His fellow-guests exclaimed, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God."

"It is . . . reasonable to take his remark as a wistful utterance, expressing the feeling of one who would fain enjoy the privilege." (Adeney)

We may think of this man as of one to whom these things were dear and who, in the friendly atmosphere created by our Lord's words and spirit uttered the thought of his heart.

The Jews used often to speak of the great feast to which Messiah would spread for the people. (See Isa. 25:6; St. Matt. 8:11)

There was much poverty in Palestine at that day. Many people never had what we would call "a square meal." A feast was therefore the most glorious thing they could think of. Besides that, in the East, a meal taken in common always has a sort of sacred significance. The thought of "eating bread" together was full of lovely symbolism.

The man seemed to think of "the Kingdom of God" as "a good time coming in the far-off future."

Our Lord told a story to show that the "good time" was here already for all who would open their hearts to it. "The kingdom of heaven is among you."

THE SLIGHTED INVITATIONS

A GREAT supper.—The host was hospitable and generous. He had spared no expense in preparing for the entertainment of his guests.

Sent . . . his servant.—In accordance with custom the invitations had already been issued. No refusals had been received. The host naturally presumed that his invited guests would come. So when the great evening arrives he sends out a servant.

"The servant was named 'the summoner' (vocator) It was quite customary for him to call the guests when all was ready. This did not imply that as yet they had shown any unwillingness to come. Canon Tristram observes that among the Arabs to decline the second invitation is regarded as equivalent to a declaration of war." (Adeney)

With one consent.—"They were all of

*My God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.*

*O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful
guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.*
—P. Doddridge.

* * *

*Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen,—light makes
haste to go;*

*Room! Room! still room! O enter, enter
now!*

*The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bride-
groom's guest;*

*Room! room! still room!—O enter,
enter now!*

—H. Bonar.



one mind, since they all acted alike." (Adeney)

Must go out and see it. (R.V.)—What a foolish excuse. Fancy buying a field without seeing it and then going out at night to inspect it

To prove them.—Just as absurd. The worst time to prove oxen at the plough or wagon would be at night!

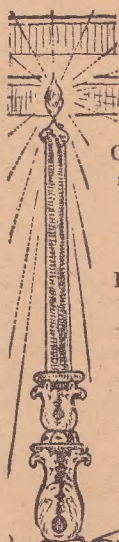
Memory Verse

Come; for all things are now ready. Luke 14:17.

DAILY BIBLE READING

FROM JAN. 13 TO JAN. 19, 1941.

Mon.—Rev. 22:17.
Tue.—Luke 14:15-17.
Wed.—Luke 14:18-20
Thu.—Luke 14:21-24
Fri.—Matt. 22:2-10.
Sat.—Rom. 10:11-15
Sun.—Isaiah 55:1-3.



Married a wife . . . cannot come.—In the boundless hospitality of the East the woman would be heartily welcome to come with her husband.

"The excuses show careless unconcern, not hardened wickedness. Business occupations, family ties, and various distractions, are pleaded as excuses for not taking God's summons seriously." (Dummelow)

They are mere excuses veiling an unwillingness to come.

Probably more people are kept out of God's kingdom by petty selfishness than by flagrant wickedness.

These men who made excuses broke the social code of decent people. Good manners are rooted in the 'Golden Rule' in thoughtfulness of others. An old English motto tells us that, "Manners makyth man."

People rightly and naturally hate rudeness and discourtesy. In the courteous East especially a breach of good manners is a serious thing. Certain things are "not done."

Our Lord tells his hearers that those who make careless excuses to God are being discourteous to Him in a way they would not dream of being discourteous to their neighbors.

"CONSTRAIN THEM TO COME"

BEING angry—"Naturally angry at the shower of insults. It is represented that this is his reason for sending for other guests, get them where he may. When we come to interpret the parable our Lord's reasoning will be apparent. If even anger against his friends might lead a man to invite the outcasts, much more will God, who has infinite compassion for them, do the same." (Adeney)

Streets and lanes.—"Where especially the poor and miserable are lying about, perhaps quite homeless. These are near at hand in the town." (Adeney)

The poor, etc.—"Just such guests as Jesus had recommended earlier." (v. 13)

Yet there is room.—
Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee,

That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!

Our Lord had been asked, "Are there few that be saved?" (13:23). He shows here that the love of God imposes no limitation.

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Neglected Traps Bring Heartless

Cruelty

By HENRY H. GRAHAM

THE business of trapping is cruel enough even when traps are visited regularly. Animals that are caught must suffer agonies until put out of their misery even then. But great as this torture is, it is not comparable to that which dumb creatures must undergo when traps are neglected for long periods of time or perhaps forgotten. Some animal snarers forget where a few of their traps are placed and never do locate them; thus animals slowly starve to death while enduring cruelties that no human would want to endure. This sort of thing is thoroughly deplorable and constitutes one of wild life's greatest tragedies.

Years ago an old miner who had spent the greater part of his life roaming the wilderness fastnesses told me of the time he blundered onto the skeleton of a bobcat that had never been found by the trapper. The animal's foot was still snugly gripped by the steel jaws although the body had been completely decomposed.

Think of the agonies suffered by this creature before the merciful intervention of death! Yet that was only an isolated instance. Dozens of similar tragedies have taken place wherever trapping is done.

* * *

WHEN caught in a trap any creature is at the mercy of enemies. So greatly handicapped, it can only put up a feeble defence. Yet everything that flies and runs deserves the right to protect itself—something it is denied when ensnared by steel jaws. Wolverines follow traplines for miles, killing every creature they find. The result is a deplorable waste for the fur is so badly mutilated it cannot be sold.

What a siege of mental as well as physical torture a person would go through if held tightly in a trap in lion or bear country. Every minute he would expect to be pounced upon in his utterly helpless condition. If every person would place himself in such a predicament trappers would be far less numerous.

Most countries have laws requiring trappers to visit their sets every so often. And the strictest penalties, within the law should be meted out to violators.

What we call Luck
Is simply Pluck,
And doing things over and over;
Perseverance and skill—
Courage and will,
Are the four leaves of Luck's clover.
—Charles Kingsley.

DAY BY DAY

I heard a voice at evening softly say:

*"Bear not thy yesterday into tomorrow,
Nor load this week with last week's load of
sorrow.*

*Lift all thy burdens as they come, nor try
To weigh the present with the by-and-bye.
One step and then another, take thy way—
Live day by day."*

*"Though autumn leaves are withering round
thy way,*

Walk in the sunshine; it is all for thee.

*Push straight ahead as long as thou canst
see;*

*Dread not the winter, whither thou mayest
go,*

But when it comes be thankful for the snow.

*Onward and upward—look and smile and
pray—*

Live day by day."

—Selected.

"ALL THINGS READY"

(Continued from Page 7.)

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Highways and hedges. — "After sweeping in the town poor, the 'vocabulary' is to go further afield and fetch the very tramps from the country." (Adeney)

Compel them. — Better "Constrain." (R.V.) The word "compel" has often been wrong used to sanction religious persecution.

Many of these poor wanderers would be sunk in hopelessness. That they should be invited to a banquet would seem to them "too good to be true." The servant would have to be very tactful and very insistent to get them to accept his master's invitation.

For I say unto you.—Our Lord puts the sentence into the mouth of the host in the parable. But His use of the pronoun "you" shows that in part He has dropped the parabolic form and speaks in His own person to those before Him.

Just think of the scene. Eastern people love stories and our Lord was a wonderful story-teller. The guests are intensely interested as the story unfolds itself. They are shocked at the rudeness of the invited guests. They sympathize with the anger of the insulted host. They are amused and agree with his expedient for getting his supper eaten by calling in the poor and neglected. Then comes this climax like a thunder-bolt. "I say unto you."

"THE FEAST IS SPREAD"

THE interpretation of the parable is very plain. The 'certain man' is God. The servant is Jesus, "sent by God" as we so often read. "Those bidden" are the Jewish rulers and reputable classes who hear the Scriptures

every Sabbath day, and who study them in their homes.

Those in "the streets and lanes" are "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," the poor and neglected, given up as hopeless by the synagogues, who yet accepted the gracious invitation of the Master.

Those in the highways and hedges are the Gentiles. They were to be "constrained" to come in. For them, as an ancient commentator says, "a more urgent and persistent kind of preaching must be used, seeing they were . . . sleeping in the deep darkness of error."

Then in the last sentence the Servant and the Host are revealed as One. It is "My Supper."

We see how wonderfully the parable fits in to the time and the conditions under which it was spoken. But it is "for all time."

Is it not a warning to "Christian" nations that if they neglect the call of God the invitation will pass on to others? This has happened again and again in history.

And is it not a warning to us as individuals lest we close our ears to the voice of the Saviour when He calls us to enter more and more into His life.

In this parable and elsewhere in Scripture as in Holy Communion, the Christian life is symbolized as a feast. A feast is a joyous occasion. The life to which we are called is a joyous one.

It is not only a matter of "heavenly blessings." "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." "God . . . giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

Those who love and trust God will find a deep joy in the ordinary things of life. They are good in themselves. But not only that. God comes to us "in the morning air, in the evening calm, in the love of our loved ones, in our work and in our play and in everything that makes us brave and strong."

"Come for all things are now ready." All life may become a sacrament for all our enjoyment may make toward the one great purpose "that we may evermore dwell in Him, and He in us."

QUESTIONS

1. What had our Lord been speaking of just before He told the story?
2. What did one of the guests say?
3. What was one of the first things our Lord wanted to teach in the story.
4. "Come —" Complete the verse.
5. What was wrong with the invited guests?
6. What classes was the servant told to call?
7. "Constrain —" Complete the verse.
8. What did the parable mean?
9. Does it apply to modern days?
10. Why is the Christian life symbolized as a feast?

(For Answers, please turn to Page 14.)

When you are afraid of God fly to His arms.

Lenore's Adventures

By E. W. SEYMOUR

For the Messenger

IN all her nearly-sixteen years this was the first time Lenore had kept house by herself. The telegram about Aunt Grace had been so urgent that Mother, before hurrying a few clothes into a suitcase, had simply phoned Mrs. Paget, their woman-by-the-day to come and sleep nights. When Dad got home from his trip north they would have more definite knowledge of Aunt Grace's condition.

Fate, however, in the guise of mumps, suddenly prevented Mrs. Paget from leaving home, and Lenore had scorned to ask anyone else. How utterly ridiculous to need anyone to look after her. Sulphurina the part-Persian pussy would be sufficient company.

After school there was tennis and then shopping to do and supper to plan. Then, after the few dishes were washed there was homework, and a telephone talk with Marjorie or Jean—the other members of the 'triumvirate'—and a leisurely poring over magazines before bed-time. Lenore had then proceeded to lock the front door, the back door and the downstairs windows—just as Mother always did—before departing to her yellow-and-green bedroom to sleep like an infant till the alarm clock signalled 7.30.

For three days everything had worked like a charm. Then came Friday and, it so happened, the *thirteenth*.

* * *

FOLLOWING the Latin test, in which

Lenore flopped badly that morning, a note was relayed along to her desk. Could she come over to Marjorie's tonight? Blanche—the cousin from boarding school—would be there for the week-end and had some new songs and duets. Jean had okayed it.

"I'll tell the world!" was the single emphatic sentence Lenore sent back. Friday meant freedom from homework and an evening at Marjorie's meant chocolate fudge—made by the four of them in the new ivory-and-red kitchen—and cookies and ginger-ale at bed-time.

Then to meet Blanche again—musical and vivacious and unspoiled—was a treat in itself. Lenore wondered if Blanche would be doing her hair a new way. Abruptly obliterating her day-dreams came the even tones of Miss Clayton's voice: "Lenore, will you please translate?"

After school there was a letter from Mother. Opening it Lenore remembered guiltily that she had been remiss in her concern for Aunt Grace. She read the letter contritely. But Aunt Grace, it seemed, was recovering, if slowly, and they hoped soon to be able to dismiss the night nurse. There were

a number of directions, some of which Lenore had entirely forgotten—such as garbage days and Saturday's order for butter and eggs.

It was difficult to picture the cosy home in Hamilton without Aunt Grace. Uncle Fred (he wasn't half as adept as Dad was at frying eggs, and didn't know tea leaves from ground coffee unless somebody told him!) and the twins, Bobbie and Barbara only nine, and Sonny too little to start to kindergarten—why, they would be lost! It was splendid that Mother had been able to go. Aunt Grace was Mother's only sister, and if anything happened—resolutely, Lenore banished any such thought.

What would it feel like to have a real sister—someone to go places with and come home and sleep with and not have to say good-bye at the corner? The sleeping business was the worst. It was terribly dark and eerie in the house after the lights were out, and only the alarm clock ticking. Maybe Jean would come for tonight. It made a difference, tomorrow being Saturday.

* * *

JUST as she was opening the front door the telephone jangled. At first Lenore didn't stop. Then, realizing that it might be a long distance call, she hurried back.

"Hello . . . yes; Mother left Wednesday morning. . . Oh, I don't mind a bit being alone. . . Thank you but Daddy will be here in the morning. . . Thanks, Mrs. Jerome. I will if I need anything. . . Goodbye."

"Well, that's that!" said the girl crisply. "She means it kindly of course, and it was decent of her to offer to come over. But I'm not quite a baby."

In the excitement of the next hour, the mutual pleasure of the 'triumvirate's meeting with Blanche obliterated all these vague mental tremors, and Lenore gave her whole self to the enjoyment of the evening. But when Mrs. Durant laid down the evening paper—blatantly dated Friday 13th—Lenore's casual glance gathered from the headlines that there'd been another bank robbery, this time in the very next town! The robbery was unusually daring, and the two bandits had made a neat get-away.

The girls uttered a chorus of conjecture as to when and how the robbers could be discovered and trapped.

Jean said excitedly, "Do you remember when Dr. Bastedo's gas was stolen out of his car and his two quarts of milk taken? And remember about Mrs. Bain's jewelry being stolen?" she added, piling on the horrors, with innocent satisfaction. "Some of it was her grandmother's, and her purse with forty dollars that she had to pay the rent with, and even her missionary mite box?"

"My Dad says," asserted Marjorie with conviction, "that the thief must be somebody in this town, or how else would he have known about the rent money? Am I glad I live on a street like this with a string of houses on both sides of us! Come on, gang! Let's get going!"

* * *

LENORE, whose home on a corner lot was spaced some distance from her neighbors to the rear, and was flanked on the other side by a generous expanse of public school playground, said nothing. But even through the candy-beating she began to feel vaguely that her mother had been right in asking Mrs. Paget to come and sleep there.

Later, when they were getting on their coats, she invited Jean to spend the night with her.

Jean looked away, startled, then spoke hurriedly. "I can't this time, Lenore. I have an appointment at the dentist's at nine and I positively can't go in these togs. Besides, Mother'll be expecting me."

"A pretty lame excuse," thought Lenore ruefully, even before she heard Jean's stage whisper to Marjorie: "I wouldn't dare sleep in that house tonight. Why I'd be scared green—even if nothing happened!"

Somehow the goodbyes were said and with forced chatter Lenore and Jean parted at the corner. Then Lenore remembered Mrs. Jerome's phone call and her offer to stay the night. That would solve everything.

But on reaching the adjoining block all lights were out in the Jerome house. With a shrug of defiance against her fears she bravely turned her back upon the shadows in the shrubberies and walked up her own veranda steps.

As she did so there seemed to be rustling sounds behind her. She wheeled about, but the noises ceased. "Phooey!" she said. "It's only the wind in the leaves or perhaps Sulphurina stepping on a twig."

But as, with trepidation, she inserted the key in the lock, the house seemed shadowy and sinister. She quickly opened the door, and then, alarmed by

(Please turn to Page 11.)

The Chums Mail Bag



DEAR CHUMS,—

We have a good letter this week from Ethel Varnay telling a bit about her Christmas. It would be nice to hear what some of the rest of you did and saw and enjoyed in the holiday season. Those who have not already written their letters on "How to Keep Fit and Serve Canada" might have something to tell about this war-time Christmas. Perhaps less money was spent on "eats" and some given to the Red Cross. Many people this year gave War Savings Certificates as presents. I wonder if any of you Chums received them. There are always ways of making events in our normal lives like Christmas and New Year's count toward our objective of winning the war.

We look forward to many letters in the coming weeks and invite newcomers to write on any subject that interests them besides the subject given for our contest. Northern Messenger pencils can be awarded for outstandingly good letters on any subject and our Star Correspondent system is still in practice.

Yours for still livelier letters,

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums;—As a new-comer to the Mail Bag I was glad to see the "Welcome To All New-comers" at the top of the page. The Messenger was given to me, as a Christmas present, and was I thrilled. I am enjoying the story "Guards at the Dam," aren't you, Chums? Once before I had had a copy given to me by a friend who goes to another Sunday School where they take the Messenger regularly for all the scholars. I like the riddles and games page and the stories best. And, of course the Mail Bag. We had a lovely time at Christmas and New Year's. Friends came to visit us and their two children and I played together and went to a Carol Service and Christmas Tree at the Church. Santa was there with bells on, giving out presents to the children and chatting with the little ones.

We all sang carols together and the minister had a magic lantern and showed us slides of mission work up in the far north among the Eskimos. We drove home with our horse and sleigh over the snowy roads with the moon just faintly showing for it was very late. We all said it had been a lovely evening.

Now I must say goodbye. Best Wishes to all chums for a wonderful New Year and the same to Aunt Ruth. Your new chum,—Marilyn Lewis, Que.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—Thank you, Aunt Ruth for printing my Christmas greetings to Geraldine Clarke. I thought it was a very nice way to send them—through the Mail Bag and hope she didn't by any chance miss seeing them.

Our school put on an entertainment just before Christmas. It was great fun. We rehearsed after school several afternoons and everyone was going around at recess time and noon-hour reciting their parts. A very funny thing happened; at least it was funny to us. One boy was trying to learn his part during study hour and he was so absorbed in it he didn't realize when the teacher spoke to him and asked him a question. So she said in quite a loud voice, "What are you doing, John?"

John jumped out of his seat and said, "Please Miss, I'm Santa Claus". He was to take the part of Santa Claus in the play we were going to put on.

Even this did not stop him thinking about the play in school hours. He was so afraid he'd forget what he had to say. When we were waiting in line to go upstairs for prayers one morning I heard him muttering, "The chimney was tight, but I managed all right, all their stockings I've filled, not a gum-drop I spilled." He looked so funny repeating those words so seriously I burst out laughing at him and nearly got a scolding myself as a result.

Well our entertainment came off and John did very well as Santa. I was an angel in a tableau called "Holy Night". People said it was very pretty. Some of the boys were dressed as shepherds and we sang the hymn "While shepherds watched their flocks by night". We sang other carols and one girl sang a solo which was very nice. I think we all enjoyed it and felt it was worth the work we had put into it.

* This Week's Star Correspondent *
* ETHEL VARNAY *
* Honorable Mention *
* MERILYN LEWIS *

I hope all the chums had a very Merry Christmas and though it is a little late I would still like to wish you all a Happy New Year—especially Geraldine Clarke and would she please write to me if she can find time and if she sees this letter. Sincerely, Your chum,—Ethel Varnay, Ont.

GIOTTO, GREAT PAINTER

(Continued from Page 5.)

cherished lovingly the memory of the friend who helped him to become great. His Madonnas hang with those of Cimabue in the Academy of Fine Arts, in Room II.

Other pictures of his are "Christ on the Mount of Olives", in the Uffizi Gallery, and the "Presentation in the Temple."

Giotto died in 1337 and was buried in the Cathedral of Florence, and a monument has been erected there to his memory. Some one says of him, "Wherever he went with his art, peace went with him." Amid the storms and struggles of the nation, he passed quietly on his way. Factions and families were fighting among themselves, but all these have passed away and the works of the painter remain, and "no more notable or distinct figure than Giotto is in all the history of Florence."

The First Gas Mask

A MINER named James Roberts was awarded £50 and a silver medal by the Society of Arts for inventing a gas mask nearly a hundred years before the Germans introduced poison gas as a weapon of war. This early type of gas mask consisted of a leather hood made airtight by wadding and straps at the neck and was fitted with eyeholes of mica or glass. It had a long breathing tube filled with moist sponge and covered with woollen cloth to eliminate particles from smoke and absorb gases. The tube hung nearly to the ground, where the air was free from smoke.

The apparatus was ingenious, for at a demonstration Roberts wore his mask for forty minutes in a chamber filled with smoke and fumes produced by burning several pounds of sulphur, but he was none the worse for his ordeal. —Christian Herald.

LENORE'S ADVENTURES

(Continued from Page 9.)

is creaking, speedily locked it again on the inside.

* * *

METHODICALLY, but with her heart beating a loud tattoo against her ribs, Lenore fastened all the downstairs windows. She called Sulphurina in and put out the milk bottle. As there seemed obviously nothing else to do she went resolutely upstairs to bed.

Once there, instead of falling off to sleep almost at once, she was aroused to an increasing state of awareness. There were a score of noises outdoors, most of which Lenore could analyze. An occasional car passed. Sid Rattan's whistle sounded, as he returned home from Sally's. The Johnson's pup yelped as Sid's footsteps passed. The fitful wind rustled through the lilacs, beating the branches against the dining-room window. A door closing downstairs . . .

At this, Lenore's hair seemed to be rising on end. It might only have been Sulphurina, whose pet vice was closing doors. But supposing that the bankrobber really *should* attempt to break in during the night! And there was Mother's heirloom silver—their most cherished possession—displayed temptingly in the china cabinet! And the cellar windows were only screened. But she could safeguard anyone's entrance by the cellar by bolting the cellar door on the kitchen side. Mother had been so insistent on securing Mrs. Paget that Lenore now felt personally responsible for everything on the premises. It would certainly do no harm to secure that door leading into the cellar. Finally, after half-an-hour's trembling uncertainty, she got up.

On reaching the kitchen, Lenore discovered that she had bolted the door, after all. Just as a precaution, she repeated her inspection of all the downstairs windows and the front door. Then with an expansive feeling of virtue she locked the glass door of the china cabinet and the drawer containing the silverware.

Where could she safely hide those keys? Under the rug? That would be too obvious. In the work basket? Worse still. Her eyes roved about exploringly and finally hit upon the large engraving in the hall. The picture had belonged to her grandfather, a forest scene with deer, by Rosa Bonheur. It was really too large for any of these rooms, but her father hated to part with such an important link to his boyhood days. Standing on a chair and straining by inches she was just able to place both keys on the nail from which the picture hung.

LENORE, snuggled down gratefully underneath the blankets. She reflected upon Mother, Aunt Grace, her plans for the morrow, even the Latin test—anything to take her mind off that hideous bank robbery. Resolutely she pursued sleep, but sleep as resolutely evaded her.

Presently there was a crunching of gravel in the driveway. The sound of footsteps drew nearer, passed by her window and straight up the back steps. There was a subdued clatter, then a pause, then footsteps again.

In her panic Lenore thought she had stopped breathing. Someone was attempting to get in at the back door! A stony lump obstructed her throat where her tongue should have been. Her heart thumped almost audibly. As the footsteps proceeded towards the front again, Lenore slipped furtively out of bed and gazed searchingly out of the open window.

It was only the milk-man!

This time, in spite of her shivering, she laughed outright. She stretched, yawned and once more in bed composed her thoughts for sleep. Into her released mind came the reassurance of her mother's experience, which Lenore had so often heard her relate to some timid friend. She could even conjure up the inflections of her mother's voice.

"... After I was married, I was pitifully nervous at night, whenever my husband was away on one of his trips. Sometimes I would invite a friend to spend the night with me. If not I would lock and bolt and even barricade the doors. Even then I could not sleep without starting up at the slightest noise. I was rapidly making myself into a nervous wreck.

"Then I realized that I must either give up this childish attitude and behave sensibly, as other women do who are the wives of travelling men, or else have someone live regularly with us. I couldn't go on making myself a nuisance to my neighbors.

"So I decided to be grown up. Once or twice I had a scare—like the time an owl got into the vacant bedroom, because the screen had fallen out. But every time there was any disturbance, it had a perfectly natural cause—perhaps a blind falling from its roller, or a vase of flowers blown over by the wind. . ."

* * *

UNTIL Lenore had heard this confession she had pictured her mother as the calmest person in the world. But what a life if Mother had persisted in having the neighbors come in to sleep! Was it less foolish for her than for Mother—then only nineteen? Soon a completely relaxed Lenore drifted off into contented oblivion.

Five minutes later there was a resounding crash downstairs, followed by

"RELIGION"

Religion is telling the truth in a trade,
Without even counting the cost,
And having the courage to stand by
the right;
Though fortune and friends may be
lost.

Religion is thirty-six inches per yard,
And sixteen full ounces per pound,
And sixty whole minutes of other
men's time—
Not watching those minutes 'roll
'round.

Religion is meeting the world with a
smile,
Then bringing a bright smile back
home—
A joy to the loved ones who wait for
your step,
No matter how far you may roam.

Religion is turning your back on the
wrong,
With a prayer in your heart to do
right,
Then stepping forth boldly to conquer
yourself
With your face ever facing the light.

Religion is giving a bright word or
more,
To those who dark clouds hide their
sun,
If you've got the kind of religion I
mean,
You will hear the Great Master's
"well done!" —Selected.

—♦♦♦—

a sound of glass splintering. The girl did not hear it . . .

* * *

Busily engaged in the kitchen, to make up time after oversleeping, Lenore did not notice her father's latch-key opening the front door next morning.

"Hello, what's this?" he called, and Lenore, eager to tell him about Mother's departure and about Aunt Grace, came running.

Lying there before her on the floor, a shattered ruin, was the engraving by Rosa Bonheur—fallen from its insecure nail! Lenore gasped, then she remembered the keys. She reached up and rescued them from the hook. Explanations could come later if necessary, and Daddy could laugh over her night's adventures. For the present she merely said suavely: "Well, Daddy, I guess we'll just have to lay the blame on the calendar. Yesterday was *Friday the thirteenth!*"

A TEMPLE

We turn from seeking Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temple of Thy praise.—F. L. Hos-

"FOR HALF THE COST"

By N. M. George

For the Messenger

AS Edrie Hall left for school that morning in late September the truck that brought up lambs for the market rumbled across the plank bridge, leaving behind it tracks in the heavy covering of frost.

She stopped at the sheep pen to bid good-bye to her pet lamb that morning with a heavy heart. She stooped down and whispered in its ear.

"Oh, Darby, darling I hope something will happen, happen to-day so there will be no need to sell you."

That spring two little lambs had come to be mothered to one small ewe and her father had handed one to her saying, "Here's a beginning for a flock for you Edrie."



But her mother suggested, "Or you can sell it and get material for a winter coat."

So here was a problem that had faced her all summer. She would try in some way to save up enough to get that coat and keep Darby too.

Harry Grat, their neighbor gladly gave her a job. If she helped him pick enough strawberries to fill the required number of crates he wished to sell she could have all what was left in his patch. But, before she had a crate half full there came a pouring rain that lasted two days and the berries were spoiled.

She had set a hen on thirteen eggs, but only five little chicks managed to peep the shell. One of these died as soon as it did, one the crow caught and another managed to fall into a pan of hot starch, her aunt Minnie had left on the back step to cool off. Two small roosters seemed an inadequate payment on a coat.

When the blueberry season was at its best she was laid up with a sore foot.

Now there seemed nothing else to do but to sell her precious Darby.

WHEN she arrived at the school room all the scholars were in an inquisitive confusion.

Their teacher Miss Graden had taken a special course in handicraft during the summer holidays and the Government had awarded their school a loom.

There it stood in the corner, all mysterious posts and cross bars. Miss Graden was telling her scholars how it was possible to weave blankets or cloth for half the cost of the products bought in the markets.

"Half the cost, half the cost," ran through Edrie's mind. It would have to be if she was to have her coat and keep Darby.

She listened to every word, then she approached Miss Graden and asked.

"Could I really, truly have a winter coat made for half the cost?"

"Would you like to try, dear? All you will need is some wool from your own sheep, spun very fine, then dyed the color you like best. Say now blue for the warp and grey for the weft."

Edrie's mind worked harder and faster than her fingers that morning for reading, writing and arithmetic were all woven in with the cost of buttons, lining and thread.

At noon she raced into the kitchen and began,—"Mamma, mamma, teacher has—"

Edrie gulped at the sight that met her eyes as she looked through the kitchen window. There was Darby on the truck and her father just taking the money from the buyer.

* * *

EDRIE flew through the door and wedged herself between them, pushing the money back into the buyer's hand.

"No, no, you cannot take her sir, she's my flock." Then she turned to her father.

"Daddy, daddy dear, please listen to me. My teacher solved the problem. I am going to weave my own coat myself, and daddy it will only be half the cost."

In a little time Mr. Hall understood Edrie and he took Darby off the back of the truck and handed her to his little girl.

Then followed some busy evenings as Edrie and her mother prepared the wool and busy Saturdays when Edrie and her teacher wove it into cloth.

But, it was a very happy and proud little girl who started out to school one chilly morning, defying the cold in a blue and grey woven herringbone style coat. And she whispered to Darby,

"Your going to be an old, old sheep some day, Darby and head my flock."

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A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

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SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official most permanently interested, though it may be addressed to him in c/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable

Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,

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Keep your WITS WORKING

CONUNDRUMS

1. What age has a ship?
2. What is a button?
3. When is a blue book not a blue book?
4. Why is an elephant like a brick?
5. Why is paper money more valuable than silver?

SCRIPTURE ALPHABET GAME

- A** was a monarch who reigned in the East.—Esther 1:1.
- B** was a Chaldean who made a great feast.—Daniel 5:1-4.
- C** was veracious, when others told lies.—Numbers 13:30-33.
- D** was a woman, heroic and wise.—Judges 4:4-14.
- E** was a refuge, where David spared Saul.—I Samuel 24:1-7.
- F** was a Roman, accuser of Paul.—Acts 26:24.
- G** was a garden, a favorite resort.—John 18:1, 2.
- H** was a city where David held court.—II Samuel 2:11.
- I** was a mocker, a very bad boy.—Genesis 16:16.
- J** was a city, preferred as a joy.—Psalm 137:6.
- K** was a father, whose son was quite tall.—I Samuel 9:1, 2.
- L** was a proud one, who had a great fall.—Isaiah 14:12.
- M** was a nephew, whose uncle was good.—Acts 11:24.
- N** was a city, long hid where it stood.—Zephaniah 2:13.
- O** was a servant, acknowledged a brother.—Philemon 16.
- P** was a Christian greeting another.—II Timothy 1:1, 2.
- Q** sent his greetings to Rome by St. Paul.—Rom. 16:23.
- R** was a damsel who heard Peter call.—Acts 12:13, 14.
- S** was a sovereign who started out right.—1 Kings 3:5-13.
- T** was a port where Paul stayed over night.—Acts 20:6, 7.
- U** was a river near which Daniel stood.—Dan. 8:2.
- V** was a serpent that came from the wood.—Acts 28:3-6.
- W** hear good news and therefore they sing.—Isa. 52:8.
- X** erxes, Greek name of a powerful king.—Esther 1:1.
- Y** is a period of time, we agree.—Gen. 1:14.
- Z** was a small man who climbed up a tree.—St. Luke 19:2-10.

A FLEET OF SHIPS

1. The ship of a town.
2. The ship that conveys.
3. The disagreeable ship.
4. The companionable ship.
5. St. Valentine's ship.
6. The friendly ship.
7. The ship with a job.
8. The ship that directs.
9. The aristocratic ship.
10. The cavalry ship.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Enigma—The Letter 'T'.

Beheadings and Curtailings—1. Never, ever, eve. 2. Livery, liver, live. 3. Dearly, early, earl, ear. 4. Remit, emit, mit, it, I.

Acrostic—1. Easy. 2. Long. 3. Idle. 4. Zoo. 5. Above. 6. Bad. 7. Empty. 8. Tame. 9. Happy.

Triangle—

1. P O P L A R.
2. O R I O N.
3. P I N T.
4. L O T.
5. A N.
6. R.

Riddles Contributed by Chums—1. Because both make the ear ring. 2. When it is crossed.—From Billy Core.

1. Because it is so naughty (noughty). 2. Wrong.—From Ivy Core.

The enraged man was uttering shrieks of pain.

"Madam!" he cried, "do you realize that your dog has bitten my leg badly—yes, badly, madam?"

The dog's mistress picked up her pet. "You naughty Fido," she said chidingly, "I'll punish you for that! I shall take this pretty piece of ribbon off your collar for a whole week."

IT'S COMMON SENSE

DON'T spoil your fun and that of your family, by getting yourself involved in an accident caused by your over-indulgence for intoxicating liquor.

If you drive don't drink. If you drink don't drive. Says the Magazine "Protection", and it says it in large type, and it adds: Remember, even a couple of "little" drinks" are sufficient to impair your reflex coordination,

to lower your visibility and prevent you from driving properly.

BE HIGHWAY WISE

SSTATISTICS published by the National Safety Council show that death rates, as related to motor vehicle travel, are 30% higher in winter than in summer.

Many factors account for this increase, but the three most important are:

1. Inadequate traction—skidding. These combine with faulty driving practices to cause the majority of winter time traffic smash-ups.

2. Reduced visibility is second on the list of winter hazards. It has many causes, the first of which is the seasonal effect of hours of darkness. Then there are snow storms and blizzards which seriously impair visibility. Thirdly, many accidents result from frosted and fogged windshields and windows a common and serious hazard.

3. Faulty roadways because of accumulations of snow on pavements. Ruts in snow and ice are extremely hazardous. Insufficient clearance between snow banks on small streets or secondary roads, may also cause serious collisions.

Drivers should be thoroughly familiar with these facts and should at all times limit their speed to meet emergencies which arise from winter driving conditions affecting the motorist as well as the car and the road. "In the good old summer time", be careful. "In the winter wonderland", be doubly alert and vigilant.

NEW STORY COMING

Centering this time around a country store and the adventures of a young sales clerk in straightening out the store and some of the community, too. Country readers will feel right at home with this story and it will introduce city readers to the atmosphere of a remote fishing village. There is a good deal of courage and not a little romance in this lively tale.

"BEHIND THE COUNTER"

By Nettie M. George

The first instalment will appear in the next issue of the Northern Messenger.

I CARE

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND BABIES

Contributions previously acknowledged and forwarded to Official Treasurer	\$76.35
"A Friend" Almonte, Ont.	20.00
Mrs. C. Nicoll, N. S.	3.57
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Total

\$103.48



While the Kettle Sings ... Try Some of These

A menu combination of creamed chipped beef, potatoes in their jackets and thick slices of ripe red tomatoes (served simply as a vegetable) will do for any meal on a crisp winter evening. After cutting the dried beef into small bits, drop it in the skillet where some finely chopped onion has been slightly browned. Add one large can of evaporated milk, and the same amount of water.

SWEET POTATOES, SOUTHERN STYLE

6 yellow yams, 1 cup evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-2 cup chopped pecans, 8 marshmallows, sugar to taste.

Boil yams in their jackets, peel, add butter and milk. Mash until fluffy, then add nuts and sugar. Mix well and put in buttered pyrex pie or pudding dish and bake 15 minutes at 350 degrees Fahrenheit until slightly brown. Remove from oven and cover top with marshmallows cut in halves. Replace in oven for five minutes to brown marshmallows.

Yams prepared this way are delicious and make an attractive dish when served with turkey or pork.

GEORGIA OKRA

1 pound tender okra, 6 slices bacon, 5 medium sized onions, 1 No. 2 can of tomatoes, pepper and salt.

Cut bacon and onions in one-inch pieces and fry over slow fire until slightly brown; cut okra in one-inch pieces and add to bacon and onions in pan. Add tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, cover and simmer on slow fire until okra is tender. Use iron skillet. Okra prepared this way is a very pleasing dish.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. St. Luke 14:13, 14.
2. St. Luke 15:15.
3. That the "kingdom" was present and any one might enter it now.
4. St. Luke 14:17.
5. They didn't want to go and so made excuses.
6. "The poor and the maimed, the lame and the blind."
7. "Constrain them to come in."
8. That the leaders of the nation had refused God's invitation. That the despised classes and the Gentiles would be gathered in.
9. Yes. It applies to "Christian" nations and to us.
10. Because it is a joyous life.

Hobbies as Vocational Tendencies

By RUTH PECK McLEOD

I'M going to be an astronomer when I grow up, and I've a collection of all kinds of maps and books on astronomy in my room. And I've a rock that's really a piece of a meteorite that fell on my grandfather's farm. My desk is full of all kinds of models of the planets that I made out of clay and baked. Mother lets me hang my maps on the wall so I can study the stars.

Of course I get interested in other subjects, too. I collect stamps and I have album after album full of United States and foreign ones, and envelopes full of odd ones I've bought, and then I've a box full of duplicates that I use for trading with the other boys.

And my chum keeps several boxes of his over here because his mother won't let him have so much stuff around! She says she's planned for him to be a lawyer, and he won't need stamps to prepare him for that profession. This friend of mine wants to be an archaeologist. He has an uncle who's in that work at the State University, and he started just that way, with stamp collecting. I'm glad my mother doesn't think all my hobbies and trophies are a nuisance that just litter up the house. Instead of her thinking I'm a bother, she encourages me in getting things like this.

Then sometimes I work with my chemistry set for hours. I did that after a great chemist lectured here at the High School. Dad's a chemist so he had him come to our house to dinner, and then Dad told him about my chemistry set, and that great scientist went down into our old basement to see what I'd been doing. And he complimented my mother and father on letting me have this "means of developing my talents", as he called it.

He said that his success was due to his mother who let him have any hobby he liked and let him collect specimens and do experiments in her old bluing bottles and things like that. He told us they didn't have chemistry sets in those days.

He said he had five boys and that they were all different in what they liked to do, and he said that he was going to let each one be what he wanted to be. He said that hobbies always help you to invent things and to "create". At first I didn't know just what he meant by "create", but he explained that he meant doing things you thought up yourself—you know, kind of carrying out your dreams.

Why, he was quite serious about boys' hobbies and collections and things like that. He said that very often hobbies prepare boys for their life work. You ought to have heard him running down the parents who make fun of their children's experiments.

I WISH Sam Mitchell's mother could have heard him. Sam wants to be a scientist, and he's always experimenting with all kinds of things, but Mrs. Mitchell throws away all the stuff he leaves lying around, for she says "The blessing of the house is order," but I can't see any "blessing" in destroying all his experiments. Why doesn't she give him a place to keep his things? Our science teacher says if Sam is encouraged he ought to make a name for himself. If he does make a success, I think it'll be in spite of his mother. Of course she's crazy about him, but she's anxious for him to be a "financial success", she says, "like his father" who is the richest man in town. But she doesn't think "a lot of scientific experiments will bring him in many dollars."

And that great scientist even went next door to see the high school mechanic's son, Joe, making a miniature automobile, and said that some day the boy might invent something. And you could see that tickled the mechanic, and Joe, too, but it didn't please Joe's mother so well because she's always wanted him to have a white-collar job. She was afraid her boy might have to wear overalls like her husband. Now isn't that a crazy idea! Some women seem to think that their sons will be disgraced if they get a little grease on their hands.

We found out later that this great chemist had written a book on "Hobbies as Vocational Tendencies", and he is going to send Mother an autographed copy of it. Oh boy, I felt so full of ambition about my profession after he'd left! He had asked me all kinds of questions about which observatory I'd like to work in and never laughed at me like some people do when I tell them that I'm going to be an astronomer. His sons will all be great men because he never makes fun of them, and he told us his wife is a good housekeeper, but she doesn't object to boys having their things around, as long as they keep them in good order. That's just like my mother and dad.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association
8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

Church Painted in Less Than an Hour

WHEN the Methodist church in Brooklawn, N.J., needed a new coat of paint, the pastor appealed to borough residents for aid. Sixty men, including borough officials and members of a local American Legion post answered the call. At a signal from the pastor, they went to work and finished the job in 52 minutes.

Northern Messenger

To reach its readers from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island before the date it bears, the Northern Messenger must go to press more than a week and a half in advance of that date. Its editorial comments seek to keep its readers, old and young, in touch with the trend and significance of events, leaving the news to the daily press and radio broadcasts. Of course big things may change the picture between the time of writing and the time of reading this page. But the moral and spiritual trend remains.

TREMENDOUS MESSAGES

TWO very great addresses have been made in the closing days of the old year. That one by our King-Emperor, given Christmas Day, is our front page feature. The address, given on December 29 by the President of the United States had several points in common with the King's message. Each addressed his own people, but each knew and intended that other peoples should listen in, and they did.

From the King's message the people of the Western Hemisphere would realize more clearly what Britain was going through and with what splendid spirit she was facing her gigantic task.

From the President's message, the people of Britain and of Europe will better realize what the United States is, and will yet more be doing, and that knowledge will strengthen the democratic and weaken the Axis nations.

While the King's address was to show his sympathy for and encourage his heroic people, the President's purpose was to startle his people out of any easy-going, let-come-what-may attitude into one of strenuous adventure on behalf of the principles of democracy, lest through tardiness or stinginess in action they would have to fight alone—for their nation, their principles, their lives!

* * *

BOTH addresses looked forward to the time when a new order would emerge. Whether that new order would be dictated by the Axis nations, i.e., by Hitler, or be led by an enlightened spirit of Democracy depends on which group of nations, which group of individuals will hazard most to earn the chance of dictating or of leading

the thought and action of the peoples of the world. Unless the democracies hang together right now they will certainly hang separately at Hitler's pleasure later on. And the President made that clear to the people of the United States. Unless we are willing as individuals and as a nation to meet any call on our purses or our persons we are not only unworthy of victory but will be throwing our weight on the side of the enemy.

The President's message to his people and the world though broadcast on every main wave length was probably blanked out as much as possible by the Axis nations. The Italian press explained their brief review of it by saying it did not come across clearly. The parts of the message they did not want the Italian people to hear were the parts to which their papers were deaf and dumb. Suffice it to add that the President's message irritated the Axis powers greatly, and gave corresponding encouragement to the democracies, for he made it quite clear that he would swing every resource of the United States behind the British forces which were in the front trenches against the common enemy, fighting the battle for the United States and all the other democracies.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

SAID the President in tones of frank sincerity and informed conviction in his epoch-making message:

"In a military sense Great Britain and the British Empire are today the spearhead of resistance to world conquest. And they are putting up a fight which will live forever in the story of human gallantry."

"I believe that the Axis powers are not going to win this war. I base that belief on the latest and best information. We have no excuse for defeatism. We have every good reason for hope—hope for peace, yes, and hope for the defence of our civilization and for the building of a better civilization in the future. . . . As President of the United States, I call for that national effort. I call for it in the name of this nation which we love and honor and which we are privileged and proud to serve. I call upon our people with absolute confidence that our common cause will greatly succeed."

And the President knows what he is talking about, for today he is the only ruler in the world who has ambassadors and observers in all the leading nations.

"They (the still free peoples overseas) ask us for the implements of war, the planes, the tanks, the guns, the freight-

ers which will enable them to fight for their liberty and for our security. *Emphatically we must get these weapons to them, get them to them in sufficient volume and quickly enough.*"

What cheer his informed convictions, steady faith and determination for prompt and effective action is bringing to Britain and all other threatened countries, and not less to those that have been deceived, betrayed and overrun!

Thank God that the United States has at last been "stabbed broad awake!" It is God's Spirit that has moved the President of the United States and is now swaying its people and their vast resources to "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

HORROR FOLLOWS HORROR

THE destruction of the least of the Wren churches of old London Town would have brought sorrow to the civilized world, but that last Sunday night of the old year several of these old churches in which history as well as architecture was enshrined were wantonly destroyed by vandal German fire-brands.

Not only churches, but the world-renowned and unique London Guild Hall was fired that same night and was utterly destroyed. The Guild Hall was the centre of the Civic Government, one of the many interesting things shown to visitors in the Great Hall being a window of ancient leaded glass which had survived the destruction of the building in the Great Fire of London in 1666 through having been built up some years previously. Adjoining the Guild Hall were a fine library, a museum and an art gallery containing many famous pictures.

Priceless and irreplaceable treasures of architecture, art and history were lost to the world for all time that Sunday night.

The world stands aghast at the enormity of the crime,—a crime so vast that the individual cannot assess its loss. That is war in the Nazi fashion of frightfulness.

It is their program to burn and blast the dwellings of the masses and slay as many men, women and children as possible, if by any means they may break the spirit of the British people, whom they cannot conquer by threat and whose statesmen and warriors they cannot bribe.

We at a distance from such torrents of destruction and mass murder are in danger of reading of such things as we

would read a horrible fairy story. But let a murder or a fire happen next door and we are shocked by it; and can do nothing but think and talk of it.

Yet before such mass trouble, suffering, death and destruction we are stunned and so dazed that we cannot comprehend or feel the loss. When pain becomes unendurable a person faints. It is nature's anaesthetic lest the mind itself give way under the strain.

VICTORY OF THE SPIRIT

BUT against that black background, how brightly shines the dauntless British spirit of the people of old London from King to commoner, from the lady of all work to our womanly Queen. What fellowship of faith and courage and selflessness is revealed by the common disaster! What consecrated courage was revealed by the firemen and volunteer helpers in risking their lives to save their city. And it was a miracle that they saved so much of it, including St. Paul's. If, after that, the Germans repeat such raids, they will be outraging for all time all that is true and noble in human nature.

But listen to the stricken people of London as they say to their Prime Minister, "Carry on till we have victory. We can take it." They deemed such losses as nothing that they might retain their freedom to live their lives and worship God without reference to any human dictator.

Again we ask, what are we doing to secure our freedom, which hangs on the freedom of Britain?—what are we doing in comparison to those in the front trenches. Let our Government lead us in still greater adventure in our aid to the Motherland—NOW, when our aid can count most.

In spite of further destruction, with faith in God we have already won the victory.

One tremendous thing is plainly emerging from this common suffering. The lowly are being raised up and those of high degree are being levelled to a new and truer ideal of democracy. That will be a foundation plank in the coming new order.

FORCE UNLIMITED

BRAINS are working under pressure and often on tiptoe excitement to discover new forces if they may and in any case more effective ways of applying those already in use. But no sooner does one side gain an advantage than the other side learns of it, either through underground spying or by

analyzing specimens taken in war. Thus one way or another the vast sums spent by both sides in research "cancel out", leaving but little or brief advantage for the nation developing the new or increased force to show for it.

Indeed the discoveries of the laboratory lead to the increasing destructiveness of both sides. Thus the advantage becomes a boomerang. Modern science which should make for life

multiplies death. Yet if one side is increasing its power to destroy, can the other side stand by with folded hands? The result is that the combatants gain only their more rapid mutual destruction.

The nations seeking to withstand and eliminate an evil spirit from the world have in prayer an unlimited power that a godless enemy cannot imitate, much less improve on.

The Hand That Stirs the Porridge —Rules the World

PORRIDGE and marmalade are the two great breakfast dishes Scotland has given to the world, says F. Marian McNeill, in the course of a sturdy defence of porridge in the "Scotsman."

"An eminent Scottish dietician has come forward to champion the cause of the dish on which countless generations of Scotsmen have been reared, and has declared at a gathering of women in Stirling that oatmeal porridge and milk constitute 'an almost perfect foodstuff!'" So it's up with our porridge-sticks, if ever we were misguided enough to down them!

In Hislop's "Book of Scottish Anecdote" there is a story which I quote from memory, of an eminent Glasgow professor, who encountered on a country road a small boy, whose face was glowing with health and happiness.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, who evidently had a premature interest in what we now call dietetics, "what is it I wonder that gives you those rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes? What do you take for breakfast?"

"Just porridge, sir," replied the boy with a bright smile.

"And what for dinner?" asked the professor.

"Just porridge, sir."

"Porridge again? Really! What then do you take for supper?"

"Just porridge, sir."

"Dear me! You don't mean to tell me you eat nothing but porridge?"

"The small boy burst out laughing, and called out to another small boy who hove in sight, 'Hi, Jamie, here's a gentleman that thinks every day's New Year's Day!'"

"There's a lot of wisdom in Brillat-Savarin's famous axiom that the fate of nations depends upon how they are fed; let our Scottish housewives keep that in mind! And this as well: the hand that stirs the porridge rules the world!"

HOW TO MAKE IT

IT is advisable to keep a pan exclusively for porridge; also to use fresh spring water.

"Allow for each person a breakfast cupful of water, a handful of oatmeal (about an ounce and a quarter), and a small saltspoonful of salt. Bring the water to the boil, and as soon as it reaches boiling-point add the oatmeal, letting it fall in a steady rain from the left hand while you stir with the right, using preferably a 'spurtle' or a porridge-stick.

When the porridge is boiling steadily, draw it to the side, and when it has cooked for ten minutes or so, add the salt. Stir occasionally to prevent singeing. It should boil from twenty to thirty minutes in all, according to the quality of the grain. Ladle into cold porringers or soup plates, and serve with plenty of cream or rich milk.

How to Keep From Growing Old

(As Artemus Ward says, "These are wrote sarkastical!")

ALWAYS take a drop of something before you take the wheel.

Always race with a locomotive at crossings. Engineers love it. It relieves the monotony of their jobs.

Always pass the car ahead on curves, but don't use your horn. This will turn the other fellow into a nervous wreck.

Always demand half of the road—the middle half—insist on your rights.

Always step on the gas. Guaranteed to show everyone you're full of pep.

Always put on the brakes when skidding. Makes the job more artistic.

Always pass cars on hills. It shows you have a better car. If you meet another car at the top, you can always turn out and take to the ditch.

If you do these things neither you nor your friends will die of old age.

Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage: be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.—Joshua 1:9.